

me violently. I looked up; it was Frank. "Up, up, man," he cried.

"Up," I said, "for what?"

"For what," he replied, "to save my character and your own, if you have any care about either. Why, it wants but a quarter of six, and at six we must be on the ground."

"What, have not I been shot then?" I said, "Shot!" he exclaimed, "who the devil has been here to shoot you? Why you have been dreaming."

It was true; I had drawn my table to my bedside to make my will, and had fallen back asleep, and dreamed what I have related.

"Then I suppose I must be shot again?"

"There's little fear of that, thank Heaven," said Frank, "for I have just learnt that your adversary, in alarm at your prowess, has bolted."

"Indeed," said I, as coolly as I could; but inwardly thanking God heartily for deliverance from jeopardy.

"Yes," continued Frank, "so it is; but come, we must take our ground, and give the vagabond an hour's law."

"With all my heart," said I; and in five minutes I was dressed and on my way to the spot, with a lighted cheroot in my mouth, and truth to say, *entre nous*, a lighter heart under my waistcoat than I think I should else have carried to the field.

On the ground we found Captain M., the fellow's second, who informed us he understood his principal had taken flight, and vowed summary vengeance on him when and wherever he should meet him, for the insult he had offered him by his pusillanimous conduct. To be brief, we waited one hour, and my antagonist did not appear. Frank thus addressed himself to his second:—

"Captain M.," he said, "you will do my friend the justice to say he has behaved as becomes a brave and an honourable man?"

"Most certainly," said the Captain; and we quitted the ground, and I proceeded to post the recreant; after which the Captain, Frank, and I together took steaks and claret for breakfast. And thus ended "the first duel" of a half-bearded boy.

EPHRAIM TWIGG.

THE GRATEFUL TURK.

Topal Osman, who had received his education in Seraglio, was in the year 1698, about the age of twenty-five, sent with the Sultan's orders, to the bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Said; and being afraid of the Arabs, who roved about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a very bloody action ensued. Topal Osman here gave the first proofs of that intrepidity by which he was so often signalized afterwards.—The crew animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh.

Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard; but his wounds

were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, where the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous; and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of *Topal* or cripple.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marseilles, was commander of the port at Malta; who, as his business required, went on board the privateer as soon as she came to anchor.—Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, "Can you do a generous and gallant action? Ransom me: and take my word you shall lose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered made an impression upon the Frenchman, who, turning to the captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for his ransom. He answered 1000 sequins (near 500l.).—Arnaud turning to the Turk, said, "I know nothing of you; and would you have me risk 1000 sequins on your word?" "Each of us act in this," replied the Turk, "with consistency.—I am in chains, and therefore try every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my bare word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander upon this went to make his report to the grand master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the captain for 600 sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour, he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was, to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discerned, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves. He agreed to the proposal with a good grace; and showed him every other mark of generosity and friendship. Accordingly, Osman, as soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cairo. No sooner was he arrived there than he delivered 1000 sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave to the master himself 500 crowns as a present. He executed the orders of the sultan his master, with the bashaw of Cairo; and setting out for Constantinople was the first who brought the news of his slavery.

The favour received from Arnaud in such circumstances made an impression upon a generous mind too deep ever to be eradicated. During the whole course of his life he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

In 1715 war was declared between the Vene-

tians and Turks. The grand Vizir, who had projected the invasion of the Morea, assembled the Ottoman army near the isthmus of Corinth, the only pass by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Osman was charged with the command to force the pass; which he not only executed successfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by assault. For this service he was rewarded by being made a bashaw of two tails. The next year he served as a lieutenant-general under the grand Vizir at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon. Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops.

In 1722 he was appointed Seraskier (general in chief) and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the counsels of the different nations came to pay their respects to him in this quality, he distinguished the French by peculiar marks of kindness and protection. "Inform Vincent Arnaud (says he) that I am the happier in my new dignity as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship, and I will charge myself with making his fortune."—Accordingly Arnaud's son went into the Morea; and the Seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages in trade, which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate.

Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a bashaw of three tails, and Beglerbeg of Romania, one of the greatest governments in the empire, and of the greatest importance from its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited upon him there, and were received with the utmost tenderness. Laying aside the bashaw and governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit upon the same sofa with himself; an honor but rarely bestowed by a bashaw of the first order, and hardly ever to a Christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents.

In the great revolution that happened at Constantinople, anno. 1730, the grand vizir Ibrahim perished. The times were so tumultuary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive vizirs. In September, 1731, Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly so. He no sooner arrived at Constantinople, to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he should hasten to Constantinople while things remained in their present situation; adding that a grand vizir seldom kept long in his station.

In the month of January, 1732, Arnaud, with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with him a variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery. These, by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud,

now seventy-two years of age, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the great officers of state with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him, and pointing to the ransomed Turks, "Behold (says he) these your brethren, now enjoying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave, loaded with chains, streaming with blood, and covered with wounds; this is the man who redeemed and saved me; this is my master and benefactor; to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me. Where is there a mussulman capable of such generosity?"

While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed upon Arnaud, who held the Grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune; heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence, ALLAH KERIM! (the providence of God is great!) He made before them a distribution of the presents they had brought: the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultan's mother, and the Kisler Aga, (chief of the black eunuchs) upon which the two Frenchmen made their obeisance and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the Grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Sometime before they left Constantinople, they had a conference in private with the Vizir, who divested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears in the eyes of many to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest; adding, that a bashaw was lord and master of his own province; but that the Grand Vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself.

He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and likewise procured them payment of a debt which they looked on as desperate. He also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a load of corn at Salonica; which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that part had been for a long time prohibited.

As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against Christians.

A man who does not possess a particular talent, satisfies himself by despising it; he removes this obstacle which stands between him and merit, and by this means he finds himself on a level with him whose labours he is afraid of.—Montesquieu.

NIGHT-MARE.

In every instance that we transgress the bounds of temperance and moderation, Nature has her revenge. Diseases are frequently only the penalties we pay for improper indulgence enjoyed either by our ancestors or by ourselves. Gout is produced by intemperance, and the stomach when deranged by the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors, influences the imagination so far as to conjure up before the eyes all kinds of horrible phantoms. Nature's revenge in the case of repletion is perhaps still more distressing. Over-feeding, or even moderate eating when the digestive functions are previously impaired by some other excess, is punished by the indigestion of what is called night-mare, or incubus. The nature of this torment of the eaters of heavy suppers, is thus described by Mr. McNish in his interesting work, "The Philosophy of Sleep."—"Night mare may be defined a painful dream, accompanied with painful respiratory action, and torpor in the powers of volition. The reflecting organs are generally more or less awake; and, in this respect, night-mare differs from simple dreaming where they are mostly quiescent.

This affection is one of the most distressing to which human nature is subject. Imagination cannot conceive the horrors it frequently gives rise to, or language describe them in adequate terms. They are a thousand times more frightful than the visions conjured up by necromancy or *diablerie*, and far transcend every thing in history or romance, from the fable of the writhing and asphyxiated Laocoon to Dante's appalling picture of Ugolino and his famished offspring, or the hidden tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. The whole mind, during the paroxysm, is wrought up to a pitch of unutterable despair; a spell is laid upon the faculties, which freezes them into inaction; and the wretched victim feels as if bent alive in his coffin, or overpowered by resistless and immitigable pressure.

The modifications which night-mare assumes are infinite; but one passion is almost never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread. Sometimes the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks, which crush him on all sides, but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation. Sometimes he is involved in the coils of a horrid slimy monster, whose eyes have the phosphorescent glare of the sepulchre, and whose breath is poisonous as the marsh of Lerna. Every thing horrible, disgusting, or terrific in the moral or physical world is brought before him in fearful array; he is hissed at by serpents, tortured by demons, stunned by the hollow voices and cold touch of apparitions. A mighty stone is laid upon his breast, and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony; mad bulls and tigers pursue his pained footsteps; the unearthly shrieks and gibberish of hags, witches, and fiends, float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed, he feels superlatively wretched; he is *Exion* working for ages at his wheel; he is *Sisyphus* rolling his eternal stone; he is stretched upon the iron bed of *Procrustes*; he is prostrated by inevitable destiny beneath the approaching wheels of the car of *Jugernaut*. At one moment he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side; then, to shun the sight of so appalling an object, he will close his eyes; but still the fearful being will make its presence known, for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his image, and he knows that he is face to face with a fiend. Then, if he looks up he beholds horrid eyes glaring upon him, and an aspect of hell grinning at him with even more than belial malice. Or he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted upon his breast—mute, motionless, and malignant—an incarnation of the evil spirit, whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed,

deadly, incessant stare, petrifies him with horror, and makes his very existence insupportable.

In every instance, there is a sense of oppression and helplessness, and the extent to which these are carried, varies according to the violence of the paroxysm. The individual never feels himself a free agent; on the contrary, he is spell-bound by some enchantment, and remains an unresisting victim for malice to work its will upon. He can neither breathe, nor walk, nor run, with his wonted facility. If pursued by an imminent danger, he can hardly drag one limb after another; if engaged in combat, his blows are utterly ineffective; if involved in the fangs of any animal, or in the grasp of an enemy, extrication is impossible. He struggles, he pants, he toils, but it is all vain; his muscles are rebels to the will, and refuse to obey its calls. In no case is there a sense of complete freedom; the benumbing stupor never departs from him, and his whole being is locked up in one mighty spasm. Sometimes he is forcing himself through an aperture too small for the reception of his body, and is there arrested and tortured by the pangs of suffocation produced by the pressure to which he is exposed; or he loses his way in a narrow labyrinth, and gets involved in its contracted and inexplicable mazes; or he is entombed alive in a sepulchre beside the mouldering dead. There is in most cases an intense reality in all that he sees, or hears, or feels. The aspect of the hideous phantoms which harass his imagination, are bold and defined; the sounds which greet his ear appallingly distinct; and when any dimness or confusion of imagery does prevail, it is of the most fearful kind, leaving nothing but dreary and miserable impressions behind it.

In general, during an attack, the person has the consciousness of an utter inability to express his horror by cries. He feels that his voice is half choked by impending suffocation, and that any exertion of it, farther than a deep sigh or groan, is impossible. Sometimes, however, he conceives that it is bellowing with prodigious energy, and wonders that the household are not alarmed by his noise. But this is an illusion. Those outcries which he fancied himself uttering are merely obscure moans, forced with difficulty and pain from the stifled penetralia of his bosom.

At one time, night-mare melts into unbroken sleep, or pleasing dreams; and we awake in the morning with merely the remembrance of having had one of its attacks; at another, it arouses us by its violence, and we start out of it with a convulsive shudder. At the moment of throwing off the fit, we seem to turn round upon the side with a mighty effort, as if from beneath the pressure of a superincumbent weight; and the more thoroughly to awake ourselves, we generally kick violently, beat the breast, rise up in bed, and cry out once or twice. As soon as we are able to exercise the voice or voluntary muscles with freedom, the paroxysm is at an end; but, for some time after, we experience extreme terror, and often cold shivering, while the heart throbs violently, and the respiration is hurried.

An opinion prevails, that, during the incubus, the person is always upon his back; and the circumstance of his usually feeling as if in that posture, together with the relief which he experiences on turning round upon his side, are certainly strong presumptions in favour of its accuracy. The sensations, however, which occur in this state are fallacious in the highest degree. We have seldom any evidence either that he was on his back, or that he turned at all. The fact that he supposed himself in the above position during the fit, and the other fact, that on recovering from it, he was lying on his side, may have produced the illusion; and, where he never moved a single muscle, he may conceive that he turned round after a prodigious effort, I have had an attack of this disorder while sit-

ing in an arm-chair, or with my head leaning against a table. In fact, there are the most likely positions to bring it on, the lungs being then more completely compressed than in almost any other posture. I have also had it most distinctly while lying on the side, and I know many cases of a similar description in others. Although, therefore, night-mare may take place more frequently upon the back, than upon the side, the opinion that it occurs only in the former of these postures is altogether incorrect; and where we are much addicted to its attacks, no posture whatever will protect us.

Persons not particularly subject to insomnia, feel no inconvenience, save temporary terror or distress, from any occasional attack which they may have; but those with whom it is habitual are apt to experience a certain degree of giddiness, tingling in the ears, sensation of the throbbing, flashing of light before the eyes, and other symptoms of cerebral congestion. A bad taste in the mouth, and more or less sickness about the pit of the stomach, are sometimes experienced after an attack.

The illusions which occur are perhaps the most extraordinary phenomena of night-mare; and so strong, by are they often impressed upon the mind, that, even on awaking, we find it impossible not to believe them real. We may, for example, be sensible of knocking at the door of our apartment, hear familiar voices calling upon us, and see individuals passing through the chamber. In many cases, no arguments, no efforts of the understanding, will convince us that these are merely the chimæras of sleep. We regard them as events of actual occurrence, and will not be persuaded to the contrary. With some, such a belief has gone down to the grave; and others have maintained it strenuously for years, till a recurrence of the illusions, under circumstances which rendered their real existence impossible, has shown them that the whole was a dream.

Some people are much more prone to insomnia than others. Those whose digestion is healthy, whose minds are in ease, and who go to suppers to bed, will seldom be troubled with it. Those again, who keep late hours, study hard, eat heavy suppers, and are subject to bile, acid, and hypochondria, are almost sure to be more or less its victims. There are particular kinds of food which pretty constantly lead to the same result, such as cheese, cucumbers, almonds, and whatever is hard to be digested.

Night-mare is sometimes attended with danger, when it becomes habitual. It may then give rise to apoplexy, and destroy life; or, in nervous subjects, may occasion epileptic and hysterical affections, which prove extremely harassing. According to Celsus Atræbius, many people die of this complaint. Probably, some of those who are found dead in bed have lost their lives in a fit of locusts, the circumstance being improved to some other cause. Night-mare is thus, in some cases, dangerous; and all, when it becomes habitual, is such a source of misery, that sleep, instead of being courted as a period of blissful repose, is looked upon with horror, as the appointed season of most dreadful suffering and dread. It becomes, on this account, a matter of importance to contrive some method for preventing the attacks of so distressing a malady. The cause, whatever it may be, must, if practicable, be removed, and the symptoms thence arising will naturally disappear. If the disorder proceeds from heavy suppers or indigestible food, these things ought to be given up, and the person should either go to suppers to bed, or with such a light meal as will not hurt his digestion. Salid provisions of all kinds must be abstained, nor should he taste any thing which will be heavily upon the stomach, or run into fermentation. For this reason, salt, cucumbers, cheese, beer, and flesh, are all prejudicial. If he be subject to heartburn, indigestion, and other dyspeptic

symptoms, he should make use of occasional doses of magnesia, or sedatives of peach or soda. I have known a tea spoonful of either of the two latter, or three times that quantity of the former, taken before sleeping into bed, prevent an attack, whereby, from the nervous state of the stomach, I am convinced it would have taken place had those medication not been used. Great attention must also be paid to the state of the bowels."

CONVULSIVITIES.

Love is the opinion of our whole day, and all the endearments of society, so long as they are lawful and honest, are not only consistent with, but parts and expressions of it.

Marriage enlarges the scope of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest dull, and a marriage where both meet, happy. Women go further in love than men, but men outstrip them in friendship.

As some women lose their reputation rather for want of discretion than want of virtue, so others preserve theirs by their discretion only.

Women are pleased with conversation, and the most distinguished cannot but be occupant to those that all them of their attractions.

Some men say that it is hard to determine which is the more troublesome, a man's reserve, or a wife's weakness.

A woman that has but one lover, thinks herself to be no coquet; but, that has several concludes herself to be no less a coquet.

Reciprocal love is just; constant love is fond; secret love is prudence.

It is the hardest thing in love to begin it when it is not, or hide it when it is; but it is easier to conceal than conceal.

The face of her we love is the fairest of sights, and her voice the sweetest harmony in the world.

A man is more reserved in his friend's concerns than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secret better than another's.

A woman will think herself slighted if she is not courted, yet pretends to know herself too well to be love her flattery.

Altogether is to love what fasting is to the body; a bit stimulates it, but a long abstinence is fatal.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest sorrow, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the true friend.

Alcibiades being acquainted at Socrates' palace, asked him how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his wife? "Why," said he, "as they do who are accustomed to the ordinary noise of whisks to draw water."

TO-MORROW.

Where'er the grief that dunes the eye,

Whether the cause of sorrow,

We turn us to the weeping sky,

And say, "We'll wait to-morrow."

And when from those we love, we part,

From hope we comfort borrow,

And whisper to our seeling heart,

We'll meet again to-morrow.

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis all

As images of to-day.

Still learn our heavy eyelids fill,

Still mourn we those away.

And when that to-morrow too is past—

Hope, smiling, shows us to the left,

With visions of to-morrow!

From the Lady's Magazine.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

In the whole range of common expressions there is none so indefinite as the term *accomplishment*.—"Miss M. has just returned from a fashionable boarding school." Is she handsome? "I have never seen her—of course I am unable to answer your inquiry; but report says she is highly accomplished, and how can it be otherwise? The three years that she has been absent having been devoted wholly to accomplishments." And what meaning should we attach to the term? Why, precisely that which our own mode of life, habits of thought, or those with whom we associate, choose to give it. If we have moved only in the world of fashion, we have adopted its ideas with its phraseology; and imagine the young lady who has endured two or three years' tuition, accomplished in mind, and she who has passed through the same term of fashionable dissipation—accomplished in manners. Let us analyze these acquirements. In what do they consist? She plays and sings, but so mechanically that we in vain watch to see the voice accompanied by an answering feeling from the heart. She paints, or rather colors, setting at defiance all rules of shade and proportion. She understands the French and Italian, but will look at you with vacant surprise, if called upon to give the derivation of a word, or a single rule connected with the grammatical construction of a language she feels so much pride in exhibiting. And what has been her progress, if we advance into the higher branches of intellectual culture—into those which demand persevering application and patient industry? These have never been thought of at all; deemed wholly subordinate to those which were to procure for her the envied distinction. The grand aim for which masters have been provided, and money lavished, was to make her *accomplished*.

I have been too often led to hope for elevation of feeling, purity of taste, and cultivation of mind, in those who have been termed accomplished, and too often been cruelly disappointed, not to turn from such eulogies with suspicion, and with a sickening feeling to regard those showy branches of education which are so highly valued, to the exclusion of all which tends to raise the female mind above the mere trifles of a day.

What is the meaning which the well informed and cultivated attach to the term *accomplished*? With them it implies the whole range of female acquirements, thoroughly, but *modestly understood*; nor is this all; with them mental culture *alone* is not sufficient. The conversation may be classically elegant, the memory stored with the treasures of ancient and modern literature; and the mind enriched by reflection, may be clear in its views, and vigorous in its decisions; and yet a void may be felt, a painful void, which the highest intellectual attainments alone can never fill. And from what source can this knowledge be obtained? What can purify and perfect the character, complete the work, and give a finish to the fabric which has been constructed with so much beauty and proportion? Mental culture has failed in its highest object, reflection has but half completed its work, if it has never been employed in raising the mind to the source from whence the intellectual spark at first proceeded; if it has never dwelt with feelings of the deepest interest of religion, as woman's peculiar province; the paths of which she should make her dearest study, the practice of its duties her constant aim. Religion has done more to elevate woman in the scale of being, than every other circumstance combined. To be sensible of this, we need only dwell upon the situation of the female sex, as universally exhibited eighteen centuries ago; or, as now seen among the degraded females of Asia, who occupied with childish

sports, and ignorant of any higher source of pleasure, are valued only as they may furnish the amusement of a trifling hour; while their thoughts can never rise even to assimilate with those of their effeminate lord, who, while priding himself on his high prerogative, and his acknowledged superiority, declares, "that Allah who but denied to woman the possession of a soul has recompensed the defect by bestowing upon her an angels' form." Let us turn from such degrading scenes—turn from the favorites of an hour, whose influence is powerful only while their beauty is dazzling, to the enlightened, refined, and pious females, who have claimed the homage of the heart, and the understanding. Look, then, at a woman in the scenes of domestic life, mingling in the social circle, kneeling at the domestic altar, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge and scrupulous in the performance of duty, and say if mere accomplishments can give her that moral grandeur, can procure for her that high respect which she now attracts.

Shall we wonder that men of sense, so often deceived by finding a vacant head, an unfeeling heart, or a disgusting pedantry, whose common report had prepared them for all that was estimable in the female character, shall we wonder they turn with an incredulous smile, from the *accomplished female*; and while they admire at a distance the few gifted minds, whose talents, as displayed in their writings, have charmed, and whose reputation has borne even the ordeal of criticism, believe them a sort of intellectual phenomena, rather as the exceptions, than as what their sex in general may approach? Shall we wonder that they at least turn to the simple, unpretending being, whom they at least imagine will not wound by pretension, disgust by pedantry, or call forth the smile of derision, by her far-famed accomplishments and *real ignorance*? But is it to those whose highest praise is the mere absence of evil that we are to look for the guides of the youthful mind? Is it from such that we are to expect a beneficial influence to be exerted on society? Will their families be illuminated spots on the intellectual map of the world? If it is the mother who gives the first impressions of the heart, how great is her responsibility, how sacred her duty to be all that nature and Providence designed her!

I would not lessen the value of those lighter acquirements, which render the well-educated woman still more attractive; I would not take from her a single resource which might serve to divert the attention in moments of weariness; or to unbend the mind after severe application. I would say that these are valuable, but only so long as they retain their proper place, as secondary to higher attainments, and more important duties. Not until accomplishments are weighed in the balance of reason, not until this hackneyed word, so comprehensive, and yet so indefinite, shall be understood to express the highest degree of mental and moral superiority; not till the education of a woman renders her unwavering in the performance of duty, elevates her mind from the trifles of the passing moment, places it on permanent objects of interest, and animates her heart with the pure sentiments of devotion, not until then, can she assume the higher station she was destined to occupy, and not till then will it be a boast to say of a lady that she is *accomplished*.

SUPERSTITION.—An elderly dame, sometime ago ran breathlessly towards a gentleman riding near a town on a white horse, eagerly asking him for a remedy for her child, who had the whooping cough. The silly creature was referred to a medical gentleman as the proper person for such an appeal, but the old woman insisted on it that he would not do, no prescription being of the least use unless given by the "first person" she met on a white horse."

ON THE MANNERS OF THE COMMON RAT.

A correspondent of the *Genevieve Farmer*, communicates a number of interesting facts in relation to the manners and habits of the common rat, and furnishes an extract from the *Journal of Leland*, who, while in prison, succeeded in domesticating several of the species. *Leland* was imprisoned in the reigns of Louis XV and XVI for the term of 35 years, in the Bastille and other dungeons, and while thus a victim of the most execrable tyranny, he resorted to the following method to relieve the tediousness of solitary confinement.

"For a long time I had enumerated amongst my greatest annoyances, the presence of a crowd of rats, who came continually hunting for food, and lodging in my stow. Sometimes when I was asleep, they ran across my face, and more than once by biting me severely, occasioned the most acute suffering. Unable to get rid of them, and forced to live in their society, I conceived the idea of forming a friendship with them. They soon condescended to receive me; and I owe to them the only agreeable relaxation I have experienced during the thirty-five years of my captivity. Let me describe the progress of this interesting friendship.

"The dungeons of the Bastille were octagonal; the one where I was confined had a loop hole two feet and a half above the floor. On the inside it was two feet long, and about eighteen inches wide; but it gradually diminished towards the exterior, so that on the outside of the wall, it scarcely exceeded three inches in size. From this loop hole alone I derived the only light and air I was permitted to enjoy. The stone which formed the base of it served me also for chair, and table. When tired of reclining on a foul and infected pillow, I thrust my legs to the loop hole so, as to bite a little of the fresh air and to lighten the weight of my chains. I rested my elbows and arms on this horizontal stone. Being one day in this attitude, I saw a large rat appear at the other extremity of the loop hole. I called him to me; he looked at me without showing any fear, and I gently threw him a piece of bread, taking care not to frighten him away by a violent exertion. He approached—looked the bread over—went to a little distance to eat it, and appeared to sate for a second piece. I flung him another, but at less distance a third nearer still, and so on by degrees. This continued as long as I had bread to give him; for after satisfying his appetite, he carried off to a hole the fragments he had not devoured. The following day he came again. I treated him with the same generosity, and added even a morsel of meat, which he appeared to find more palatable than the bread. For this time he ate in my presence, which before he had not done. The third day, he became sufficiently familiar to take what I offered him from my fingers.

"I had no idea where his dwelling place was before, but he appeared inclined to change it to approach nearer to me. He discovered on each side of the window, a hole sufficiently large for his purpose. He examined them both and fixed his abode in the one to the right, which appeared to him the most convenient. On the fifth day he came to sleep there for the first time. The following morning, he paid me a very early visit. I gave him his breakfast. When he had eaten heartily, he left me, and I saw him no more till the next day, when he came according to custom. I saw as soon as he issued from his hole, that he was not alone. I observed a female rat peeping from it, and apparently watching our proceedings. I tried to entice her out, by throwing her bread and meat. She seemed more timid than the other, and for some time refused to take them; however at last she ventured out of the hole by degrees, and indeed what I threw had very towards her. Sometimes she gazed with the

male; and when she proved either stronger or more skillful, ran back to the hole carrying with her what she had taken. When this happened the male in crept close up to me for consolation; and to relieve himself on the other, as what I gave him was for him the hole for her to venture to deposit it with him, he always would then exert his best pains so as to be there. He would then seat himself on his haunches, holding the bread or meat between his fore paws like a monkey, and nibbling it with an air of delicacy.

"One day the pride of the female conquered her shyness. She sprang out and sexual between her and the mouse, which the other was beginning to smelt. Neither would let go—and they rolled over each other to the hole, into which the female who was nearest to it, dragged the male after her. This extraordinary spectacle relieved by contrast, the monotony of my ordinary sufferings and recollections. In the hole of the world, it is difficult to conceive the pleasure derived from such a trifling success, but there sensitive minds who will readily understand it.

"When my disease was brought on, I called my companions. The male ran to me directly, the female according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me, and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less common than my first acquaintance. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home that he took care to introduce his comrades. The next day he came accompanied by two others, who in the course of the week brought five more; and thus in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names which they learned to distinguish. When I called them they came to eat with me from the dish, or off the plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was forced to find them a dish for themselves, on account of their voracious habits. They became so tame, that they loved me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did so; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining in their games. Occasionally I threw them a piece of meat, calling him; the mouse eager ran to seize it, but the other, who stood out and left it, while the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cool, and squeezed into a corner, where they divided the piece. Sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air.

"There was among them, a female whom I had named *Agnes-Herodille*, on account of her agility. I took great pleasure in making her jump and so confident was she of her superiority over all the others that she never condescended to take what I held up for them. She placed herself in the attitude of dog pointing at game,—allowed one of the rats to quip at the mouse offered to him, and at the moment when she had seized it, would dart forward and snatch it out of his mouth. It was unlikelier for him if she missed her spring, for then she invariably seized him by the neck with her teeth as sharp as needles; the other yelling with pain, would leave his prey at her mercy, and creep into a corner to cure the wounds she had inflicted on him.

"With these simple and innocent occupations I continued for two years to direct my mind from confusion by brooding over my miseries. I found myself in the midst of a family who loved and interested me. In less than a year it amounted to twenty-six. It was certain there were no strangers amongst them. Thus when they attempted to obtain advantage, were received with hostility, and compelled to fight with the first who endangered them. These battles afforded me a most amusing spectacle. As soon as the two

champions placed themselves in position, they appeared at once to estimate their respective force before a blow was struck. The stronger gnashed his teeth while the weaker uttered cries, and retreated slowly without turning his back, as fearful lest his adversary would spring upon and devour him. On the other hand, the stronger never attacks in front, which would expose him to the danger of having his eyes torn out. The method he adopts is ingenious and amusing: he places his head between his fore paws, and rolls head over heels two or three times until the middle of his back comes in contact with his enemy's nose. The latter attempts to fly: the former selects that moment to seize him—he grasps him at once, and sometimes they fight most furiously. If any other rats are present, they remain passive spectators of the combat, and never join two against one."

HOW D'YE DO AND GOOD BYE.

One day Good bye met How d'ye do,
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away!" says How d'e do—"your mein
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

"Where'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes in to shade it;
Where'er I plant one bosom's flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

"Ere How d'ye do has tuned his tongue,
To "Hope's delightful measure,"
Good bye in Friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure!

"From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation;
While you, from present joys distil
The tears of separation."

Good bye replied, "Your statement's true,
And well your case you've pleaded;
But pray, who'd think of How d'ye do,
Unless Good bye preceded?

"Without my prior influence,
Could year's have ever flourished?
And can your hands one flower dispense,
But those my tears have nourish'd?

"How oft—if at the court of Love
Concealment is the fashion—
When How d'ye do has fail'd to move,
Good bye reveals the passion?

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
(As every heart remembers),
One sight of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers.

"Go bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How d'ye do's,
One kind good bye would barter.

"From Love and Friendship's kindred source,
We both derive existence;
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our joint assistance.

"Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time (there's no denying)
One half in How d'e doing goes,
The other in Good byeing."

ZIITO, THE SORCERER.

VERY extraordinary things are related of Ziito, a sorcerer, in the court of Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, in the latter part of the fourteenth century. This is perhaps, all things considered, the most wonderful specimen of magical power any where to be found. It is gravely recorded by Dabravica, Bishop of Olmutz, in his history of Bohemia. It was publicly exhibited on occasion of the marriage of Wenceslaus with Sophia, daughter of the elector Palatine of Bavaria, before a vast assembled multitude.

The father-in-law of the king, well aware of the bridegroom's known predilection for theatrical exhibitions and magical illusions, brought with him to Prague, the capital of Wenceslaus, a whole wagon-load of morrice-dancers and jugglers, who made their appearance among the royal retinue. Meanwhile Ziito, the favourite magician of the king, took his place obscurely among the ordinary spectators. He, however, immediately arrested the attention of the strangers, being remarked for his extraordinary deformity, and a mouth that stretched completely from ear to ear. Ziito was for some time engaged in quietly observing the tricks and sleights that were exhibited. At length, while the chief magician of the elector Palatine, was still busily employed in showing some of the most admired specimens of his art, the Bohemian, indignant at what appeared to him the bungling exhibitions of his brother-artist, came forward, and reproached him with the unskillfulness of his performances. The two professors presently fell into a warm debate. Ziito, provoked at the insolence of his rival, made no more ado but swallowed him whole before the multitude, attired as he was, all but his shoes, which he objected to, because they were dirty. He then retired for a short while to a closet, and presently returned, leading the magician along with him.

Having thus disposed of his rival, Ziito proceeded to exhibit the wonders of his art. He showed himself first in his proper shape, and then in those of different persons successively, with countenances and a stature totally dissimilar to his own; at one time splendidly attired in robes of purple and silk, and then in a twinkling of an eye in coarse linen and a clownish coat of freeze. He would proceed along the field with a smooth and undulating motion without changing the posture of a limb, for all the world as if he were carried along in a ship. He would keep pace with the king's chariot, in a car drawn by barn-door fowls. He also amused the king's guests as they sat at table, by causing, when they stretched out their hands to the different dishes, sometimes their hands to turn into the cloven feet of an ox, and at other times into the hoofs of a horse. He would clap on them the antlers of a deer, so that, when they put their heads out at a window to see some sight that was going by, they could by no means draw them back again; while he in the mean time feasted on the savoury cakes that had been spread before them, at his leisure.

At one time he pretended to be in want of money, and to task his wits to devise the means to procure it. On such an occasion he took up a handful of grains of corn, and presently gave them the form and appearance of thirty hogs, well-fatted for the market. He drove these hogs to the residence of one Michael, a rich dealer, but who was remarkable for being penurious and thrifty in his bargains. He offered them to Michael for whatever price he should judge reasonable. The bargain was presently struck, Ziito at the same time warning the purchaser, that he should on no account drive them to the river to drink. Michael, however, paid no attention to this advice; and the hogs no sooner arrived at the river, than they turned into grains of corn as before. The dealer, greatly enraged

at this trick, sought high and low for the seller, that he might be revenged on him. At length he found him in a victualler's shop seemingly in a gloomy and absent frame of mind, reposing himself, with his legs stretched out on a form. The dealer called out to him, but he seemed not to hear. Finally he seized Zaito by one foot, plucking at it with all his might. The foot came away with the leg and thigh; and Zaito screamed out apparently in great agony. He seized Michael by the nape of the neck, and dragged him before a judge. Here the two set up their separate complaints, Michael for the fraud that had been committed on him, and Zaito for the irreparable injury he had suffered in his person. From this adventure came the proverb, frequently used in the days of the historian, speaking of a person who had made an unprovident bargain. "He has made just such a purchase as Michael did with his hogs."

Washington's Rules.

WASHINGTON lived by rule. Some of his rules of action he has left behind him in writing; they are published in Mr. Sparks' collection of his papers. It is interesting to know by what rules so perfect a character was formed; we subjoin a few.

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is ~~to be alone~~ to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature, and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grown and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.

Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not aloud nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest or earnest. Scoff at none, although they give occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer, and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commending.

If two contend together, take not part of either unconstrained; and be not obstinate in your opinion; in things indifferent be of the major side.

Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters and superiors.

Gaze not on the marks of blemishes of others, and ask not how they came.

What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt without being desired; interrupt him not nor answer him till his speech be ended.

Make no comparisons; and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

Be not apt to relate *tales*; if you do not know the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

Undertake not what you cannot perform; but be careful to keep your promise.

When your superiors talk to any body, hear them, nor neither speak nor laugh.

In dispute be not so desirous to overcome as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.

SPEAK NO EVIL OF THE ABSENT FOR IT IS UNJUST.

Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals, feed not with greediness, cut your bread with a knife, lean not on the table, neither find fault with what you eat.

Be not angry at table whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not, put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humour makes one dish a feast.

Set not yourself at the upper end of the table, but if it be your due, or the master of the house will have it so contend not lest you should trouble the company.

When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously in reverence and honor, and obey your natural parents although they be poor.

Let your recreations be manifold not sinful. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

WASHING DAY.

Monday comes! and with it brings,
(What the damsels all will say,
As they tie their apron strings.)
"This is the dreaded Washing Day."

Sunday night its woes begin—
Lovers late then must not stay;
Girls will hint, "It is a sin,
And to-morrow's Washing Day."

Up at day-light then they leap—
Boiled clothes together lay—
Sadly view the monstrous heap—
Work enough for Washing Day.

Now around the tubs they stand,
Like the graces in array;
Soap and dipper close at hand—
Useful things on Washing Day.

Short-sleeved gowns, and bosom bare,
They their beauteous forms display—
Unadorn'd—more winning fair—
(Choose a wife on Washing Day.)

If by chance acquaintance knocks,
Sally cries, "Send all away;
Looking thus, I'd fain shoo—
Not at home a Washing Day."

Should one heedless through them go,
Of the suds he gets a spray,
"There's no passing here below—
Learn the rules of Washing Day."

Then at noon the table's spread—
Eat or finish then you may—
Dish of potluck soon is made,
But dainties none on Washing Day.

COLERIDGE'S EPIGRAM.—Mr. Coleridge wrote a month or two ago his own humble and effusive epigram:

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed happy—
O, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C!
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked, and hoped through CHRIST. Do thou
the same.—*Quarterly Review.*

A CHAPTER ON FLOGGING.

About eighteen months subsequently, I was appointed one of his majesty's officers, with the very important rank of midshipman. I was now destined to witness my greatest abomination in all its horrors. I had not been many days on board before I heard a hollow sound reverberating round the frigate's decks, and which seemed to bring a shade of gloom over all the faces around me. Again the words were repeated, "All hands, a-hoy!" I eagerly inquired the meaning of this mystery, and was answered by a lad about sixteen years old, "It is all hands to punishment, my boy; you are going to see a man flogged."

The idea of a man being flogged at all, or under any possible circumstance, had never before entered my brain. I had as yet no notion that such a degree of brutality could exist; I had indeed known that boys were flogged, but how they could *corra* a man was to me a mystery. My reflections were broken in upon by observing all my mess-mates busily engaged in putting on their cocked-hats, swords, dirks, &c. And as this was the first time I had sported my new dirk, except in play, when I put it on at home to surprise my sister, and to dazzle the brightest eyes in the world, whose owner's name was Caroline, I felt very strange and mingled sensations as I strutted forth on the quarter-deck. The marines were drawn out on the larboard side of the deck, with their bayonets fixed, and their officer with his sword drawn, resting against his shoulder. On the main-deck the seamen had all assembled in a dense crowd about the hatchway, and the said hatchway was ornamented with several gratings fixed up on one end, evidently for some purpose, which I had never yet seen accomplished. The officers in their full uniforms, with swords and cocked hats, were pacing the deck in great numbers; but all was still and solemn silence. At length the captain, a stern, but yet good-looking man came forth from his cabin; the *messmates* carrying their arms at the first appearance of his head above the ladder, which led from the cabin-door to the quarter-deck. The first lieutenant, taking off his hat, approached the captain, and reported that "all was ready."

As the captain came up to the gangway he removed his hat; which was followed by all the men and officers becoming uncovered; and then, taking from his pocket a printed copy of the articles of war, he read aloud a few lines, which denounced the judgment of a court-martial on any person who should be guilty of some particular offence, the nature of which I did not understand. This done, he ordered Edward Williams to strip; adding, "You have been guilty of neglect of duty, sir, in not laying in on the fore-top-sail yard, when the first lieutenant ordered you; and I will give you a d—d good flogging." By this time the poor fellow had taken off his jacket and shirt, which was thrown over his shoulder by the master-at-arms, while two quarter-masters lashed the poor fellow's elbows to the gratings, so that he could not stir beyond an inch or two either way. It was in vain that he begged and besought the captain and first lieutenant to forgive him; protesting that he did not hear himself called, in consequence of having had a bad cold, which rendered him almost deaf. His entreaties were unheeded; and as the words, "Boatswain's mate, give him a dozen," a tall, strong fellow came forward with a cat-o-nine-tails, and having taken off his own jacket, and carefully measured his distance, so as to be able to strike with the full swing of his arm, he flung the tails of the cat round his head, and with all the energy of his body, brought them down upon the fat, white plump back of poor Williams. A sudden jerk of the poor fellow almost tore the gratings away from their position; he gave a scream of agony, and again begged the captain, for the sake of Jesus Christ, to let him off.

I was horror struck on seeing nine large welts, as big as my fingers, raised on his back, spreading from his shoulder blades nearly to his loins; but my feelings were doomed to be still more harrowed. For as soon as the tall boatswain's mate had completed the task of running his fingers through the cords to clear them, and prevent the change of a single lash being spared the wretched sufferer, he again flung them round his head to repeat the blow. Another snashing sound upon the naked flesh, another shriek and struggle to get free succeeded,—and then another and another, till the compliment of twelve agonizing lashes were complete. The back was, by this time, nearly covered with deep red gashes; the skin roughed up and curled in many parts, as it does when a violent blow on the skin causes an extensive abrasion. The poor man looked up with an imploring eye towards the first lieutenant, and groaned out, "Indeed, sir, as I hope to be saved, I did not hear you call me." The only reply was, on the part of the captain, who gave the word, "another, boatswain's mate!" "Oh, God, sir, have mercy on me!" "Boatswain's mate, go on; and mind you do your duty."

The effect of one hundred and eight cuts upon his back had rendered it a fearful sight, but when these had been repeated with all the vigour of a fresh and untired arm, the poor fellow exhibited a sad spectacle. The dark red of the wounds had assumed a livid purple, the flesh stood up in ridges, and the blood trickled here and there like the breaking out of an old wound. The pipes of the boatswain and his mates now sounded, and they called "all hands up anchor!" The gratings were quickly removed, and of all the human beings who had witnessed the cruel torture on the body of poor Edward Williams, not one seemed in the least degree affected. All was bustle and activity and apparent merriment as they went to work to prepare for quitting old England. As for myself I was sad enough, and heartily wished that I had joined the camp of the gypsies, instead of the service of his majesty. A hail wind, however, compelled us again to anchor; and before we set sail for the Mediterranean, which we did in about a week after flogging, our captain exchanged into another ship, and we were joined by a very brave and excellent officer, who abominated flogging. For four years I served under his orders, and witnessed no more of the inhuman practice. The men were allowed to go on shore at Malta and other places, sometimes sixty or seventy at a time; and so kindly were they treated, that there was only one instance of desertion during all that period. The captain made a point of visiting the whole crew while at dinner, to see himself that they had every thing they required to make them comfortable. This he did every day. The sick were always fed from his own table. The result of this was that our ship was the smartest frigate on the station, and fought the most decidedly glorious action which ever graced the annals of the English navy.

WEDDING RINGS.—The singular custom of wearing wedding rings, appears to have taken its rise among the Romans. Before the celebration of their nuptials, there was a meeting of friends at the house of the lady's father, to settle the articles of the marriage contract, when it was agreed that the dowry should be paid down on the wedding day, or soon after. On this occasion there was commonly a feast, at the conclusion of which, the man gave to the woman a ring as a pledge, which she put on the *fourth finger* of her left hand, *because it was believed that a nerve reached from thence to the heart*, and a day was then fixed for the marriage.

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend and a companion.

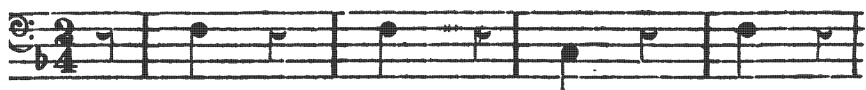
MARRIAGE AIRS.

By H. Brown, Esq.

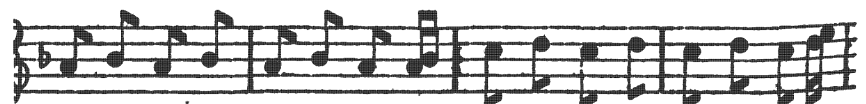
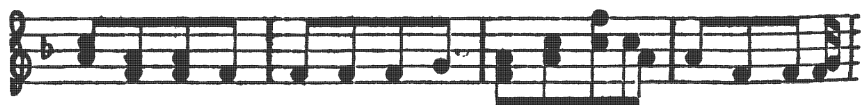
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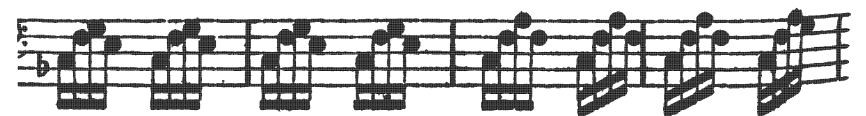
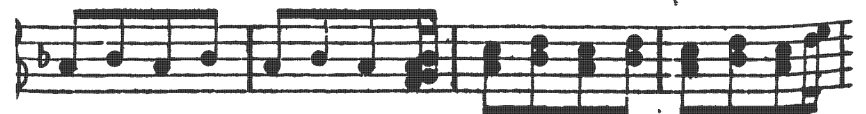
But three months yet I've lived a wife, And spouse al - rea - dy shows his airs; I



wish I liv'd a sin - gle life, But as I do not, why, who cares? Be-



sides, let hus - band use his tongue, And scold and bounce and cock his hat, He'll



quick - ly find. I'm not so young, But I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

Beat him, beat him, beat him, Sirs, at

that

2.
I'll go to operas, balls and plays,
Or where I will, I won't be check'd;
But keep it up both nights and days,
Until he treats me with respect:
And, if he romps with—I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat;
For I can show, and will so too,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

3.
But this I vow, if he'll be good,
And sometimes let me have my will,
(Young wives, you know, most surely should,)
I'll duly every right fulfil;
And never—O, no, never rove,
But stay at home with him and chat—
And prove by kindest deeds of love,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

LOVE.—At three years, we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweethearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

A SAILOR'S WEDDING.—A tar just returned from sea met one of his female acquaintances. He was so overjoyed that he determined to marry her; but at the altar the parson demurred, as there was not cash enough between them to pay the fees: upon which Jack offered a few shillings, saying, "never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go."

THE WAY TO TRY METAL.—Mr. Bagnal provoked Harvey to challenge him. They met. Harvey fired and missed. "You young rascal," cried Bagnal, "do you know that you had like to killed your god-father? Go back to Dunsickry, you dog, and have a good breakfast got ready for us. I only wanted to see if you were stout."

WITTY REMARK.—A young clergyman, who possessed every requisite for the pulpit but a good voice, having occasion to preach a probation sermon for a lectureship, a friend congratulated him, as he descended from the pulpit, observing that "he would certainly carry the election: he had nobody's voice against him but his own."

SUICIDE.—Dr. Johnson, having expressed a decided opinion against suicide, Mr. Beeswell said, "suppose a man is absolutely sure, that if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which would be, utter disgrace and expulsion from society." "Then," said Johnson, let him go to some place where he is not known; don't let him go to the devil, where he is known."

PRECEDENCY.—Two little girls of the city of Norwich, one the daughter of a wealthy brewer, the other the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, disputing for precedence,—"You are to consider, miss," said the brewer's daughter, "that my pops keeps a coach." "Very true, miss," said the other, "and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray."

George Stevens used to relate a story of a man that married a woman so much taller than himself, that if he wished to salute her, he was obliged to climb upon a table. "This woman," added George, "if her husband was ever out of humor and complained, would look down as if from a two story window, and ask, "Who it was that kept grumbling there below?"

A PUBLIC DANCER.—A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee joker, sitting near by, who bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that are hole in your countenance any larger for God's sake, for the rest on us will starve to death."

Small Game.—A Mr. Turner, well known in Vermont for his witty sayings at the bar, was one day pleading a cause before Chief Justice Tyler, when he made use of some keen but playful satire, which was evidently aimed at the bench. The Judge winced a little and endeavored to call the speaker to order by saying, "None of your small shots here, Mr. Turner."

"May it please your honor," replied the advocate, "we always proportion our shot to the nature of our game."

French Politeness.—The following complaint was lately paid by a Parisian dentist to a lady. He had made several ineffectual attempts to draw out her decayed tooth, and finding at last that he must give up, he apologized by saying—"The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come out of your mouth."

SINGULAR GOOD LUCK.—An Irishman at Limerick, named Tommy, on his way down to the ship Janus, for America, which was recently lost, met a widow, who, inquiring where he was going, told him he might perhaps do better at home. He took the hint, and forthwith courted and married her, forfeiting his passage money. What is singular, two men are now in jail for an attempted abduction of the same woman. We should call this a curious concatenation of romantic incidents.

ASTONISHING DISCOVERY.—A man once wished to buy a good 'coon dog, for which he would pay a liberal price. He was soon offered one, which the owner said was first rate—excellent. The price was paid, and on trial the purchaser found that the dog would neither hunt 'coons nor any thing else. Returning to the seller, he accused him of deception. "Why, ain't he a good dog for 'coons?" said the seller. "No, not worth a cent." "Well, that beats all nature," said the seller. "I tried the 'tarnal critter for every thing else, and he would do no good, so I thought he must be good for 'coons."

Worse than Wooden Nutmegs.—We have (says the North Carolina Watchman) in our office a specimen of Yankee Soap, the constituent of which is yellow clay; it looks well—smells well, but will not wash at all—at least, it washes any other way than clean.

Simile Matrimonial.—The following picture of matrimonial felicity is from the "Kings Own." It is one of the best comparisons we have seen; ingenious and just, as those who have studied scenes of domestic life in families, where the principal parties were "just not matched," can testify:

"Mr. and Mrs. Rainscourt were joined, but they were not one. Like many others in this world of raw the marriage might be typified by a vial of which one half has been filled with oil, and the other with water, having a cork in its mouth, which confined them, and forced them to remain in contact, although they refused to unite."

HOW TO SELL NEWSPAPERS.—A small lad, who sells penny papers near the Fulton Ferry, has an excellent faculty—(according to the advice of St. Paul) of making himself "all things to all men, that he may gain some"—pennies.

1st Stranger.—Is that a Whig paper, boy?
Boy.—Yes, sir—it's the Whig to the backbone.
1st Stranger.—Well, I'll take it then.
Boy.—Thank you, sir.
2d Stranger.—Have you got a Jackson paper there, my son?
Boy.—Yes, sir—it's whole hog Jackson.
2d Stranger.—Give me two, then.
Boy.—Thank you twice, sir.
3d Stranger.—Is that a political paper you've got there?
Boy.—O no, sir,—it don't have nothing to say to politics.

3d Stranger.—That's the paper for me then.
The strangers get aboard of the boat; and the Jackson, the anti-Jackson, and neutral, find their papers to be all one and the same—a no-party paper. So much for a seven year old lad's dexterity in doing business.

A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.—An Irish soldier once waited upon his commanding officer, with what he termed a very serious complaint. "Another man," he said, "apbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many names besides, which he would be ashamed to mention to his honor." "Well my good fellow," answered the officer, "have you any proof that you are legally married?" "Faith, your honor, I have the best proof in the world." Here the soldier took off his hat, and exhibited a cut skull, saying, "Does your honor think I'd be after taking the same abuse from any body but a wife."

ORIGIN OF "WALKING THE PLANK."—Plutarch says—"But the most contemptuous circumstance of all was, that when they (the Cilician pirates) had taken a prisoner, and he cried out that he was a Roman, and told them his name, they pretended to be struck with terror, smote their thighs, and fell upon their knees to ask pardon;—the poor man seeing them thus humble themselves before him, thought them in earnest, and said he would forgive them, for some were so officious as to put on his shoes, and others to help him on with his gown, that his quality might be no more mistaken: When they had calmed on this fare, and enjoyed it for some time, they let a ladder down into the sea, and bade him go in peace; if he refused to do so, they pushed him off the deck and drowned him."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—At a late Temperance convention in one of our towns, the hotels being somewhat crowded, a couple of gentlemen called at a private dwelling to get accommodated for the night. The man of the house coming in soon after they had departed, inquired of his active and bustling helpmate the cause of so much unusual preparation and bustle. "Why, la," replied she, "don't you think we're going to have a couple of *total abstinence* alligators here to supper, and—" "*Alligators!*" exclaimed the old man, "why you mean *delegates*, don't you?" "O, yes," his *delegates*, replied she, "but no matter—it all magnifies the same meaning, you know."—*Bulletin.*

CHARMING A SNAKE.—In the morning the 3d of December we awoke early, when I was much surprised by my friend, Lieut. Baillie, calling out, "A snake! a snake! look at the snake!" We all stared at him, lying in his hammock, and to our astonishment, beheld a monstrous serpent twisted round the rope which supported his hammock, with his head some distance above my friend's darting out his forked tongue, and examining him as he lay stretched below. "Lie still," cried the fiscal, "he won't hurt you;" and calling in two or three of the natives, he pointed it out to them. One of these men advancing towards it caught its eye with his own; the animal now appeared to move its whole body with fear or pleasure. The native stepped backwards, without turning the sight of his eye from the fierce orbit of his enemy; and, as he kept backing, the snake, with his head steadily advancing, gradually uncoiled his body from the rope round which it was twisted. At length its whole body, trailing on the ground moved slowly along after this coloured man—eye fixed upon eye—until a youth, making a dash from behind a bush, in an instant flattened the head of this dangerous monster with one blow of his club; and although the body still undulated like the waves of the sea, it was now perfectly harmless, not being able to seize with its mouth. They immediately hauled him up to the branch of a tree, and, as our cooks in Europe serve an eel, they skinned him whilst the poor animal was writhing in the agonies of pain. This snake was called the *Lbare*, and measured 19 ft. and a half in length.—*Colonel St. Clair's Residence in the West Indies.*

A LUCKY DEED.—A correspondent of the United States' Gazette gives the following curious account of the manner in which the mode of making round shot was originally discovered. We believe it will be new to many of our readers:—"My father was a plumber in this city, and for a long time could think of nothing but how to make round shot. Round shot was the bane of the night as well as the day. One night he was awakened by a blow in the back from my mother, who exclaimed, 'I have found out how to make round shot.' I dreamed I was going in to a shop to buy the child (myself) a hat, when, on hearing a hissing noise proceed from an inner room, I was informed that they were making round shot; on going in, I looked up, and saw a man pouring melted lead through a sieve at the top of the building, which fell into a tub of water on the floor, and on taking some of the shot in my hand, I found they were perfectly round! My father exclaimed in ecstasy, 'You have found it out.' Immediately he set the melting-pot to work, and on pouring some of the lead from the top of the stairs he found the shot much rounder than any which he had before made. At daylight he poured some from the top of the leaning tower in the city, succeeding much better; and on pouring some from the shaft of the mine he found that he had obtained 'round shot.'"

The fancy of the lower Irish for a fight is illustrated in the following not too strongly coloured passage in Curry's just published "Tales of Ireland":—"Blur-an-agur!" exclaimed Neal (a pugacious tailor) one day when half tipsy at the fair, "am I never to get a bit of fightin! Is there no cowardly spalpeen to stand afore Neal Malone! Be this an' be that I'm blue woulded for want of a battle! I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm leadin! Will none o' yees fight me either for love, money, or whiskey—frind or innimy, an' I'll be back to yees? I don't care a strassen which, only out of pure frindship, let us have a morsel of a rale kick-up tany rate. Frind or innimy, I say again, if you regard me sure that makes no differ, only let us have the fight."

A certain gentleman of the law, in the State of N. York, built him an office in the form of a hexagon, or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by; they made a full stop and viewed the building very critically; the lawyer somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them: "What do you stand there for like a pack of mazy blockheads, gazing at my office? do you take it to be a church?" One of them replied: "Why indeed I was thinking so, till I saw the devil put his head out of the window."

REMARKS A STUMP.—A clergyman, a while since in speaking of the future condition of his hearers, according as their lives should happen to be pure or otherwise, made the usual division of them into sheep and goats. He dwelt upon the condition of each. He especially enlarged upon the miseries of the latter, and upon the presumptuous conduct of those whose sins were likely in the end to place them in that division; and then exclaimed, "Who dare be a goat?" "I dare," roared a sailor, from the gallery.

"How!" said the preacher in astonishment—"you dare to—"

"Ay, master," interrupted the sailor, "'cause you see I won't take a stump from any body."

A country schoolmaster having been employed a few days ago to draw up a petition to the chief magistrate of the borough, whose circumference could not be less than five or six feet in girth, headed it, by mistake, thus—"To the *Mare* and *beddy* carpenter."

A Country Ball on the Almack's Plan.

BY HAYNES BAYNE.

Oh! joy to her who first began
A country Ball on the Almack's plan!
Hogsmorton's Queen she walks erect,
The Ball exclusive and select;—
Four Ladies Patronesses sit
From morn to night arranging it;
And when you hear the names of all,
You'll guess the merits of the ball.
Plebeian persons they reject,
Hogsmorton balls are so select!

The Squire's own lady, Mistress Pearl,
Her sister (quite a stylish girl),
And then the wife of Mr. Flaw,
(Churchwarden and a man of law),
And Mistress Pitts, the Doctor's bride,
Related on the mother's side
To Mr. Biggs, (who was, you know,
Lord Mayor of London long ago!)

By these, all upstart claims are check'd,
Hogsmorton balls are so select!

They've quite excluded Mr. Squille,
Who makes the antilubric pills;
Not 'cause he makes 'em, but they say
He sells 'em in a retail way;
But Mr. Squille declares his wife
Has seen a deal of stylish life,
And votes Hogsmorton people low,
So if she could, she wouldn't go—
A strange remark, when you reflect
Hogsmorton balls are so select!

And then you know though Mr. Flinn,
The rich old Mercer, can't get in;
And Sweet the Grocer has applied:
But Sweet the Grocer was denied;
And both appear to think it hard
That Slush the Brewer had a card;
And say, "Why should a brewer be
One bit more fit for *hops* than we?"
But Slush of course is quite correct,
Hogsmorton balls are so select!

Of course all those they won't admit,
Discuss the ball, and censure it;
And strange opinions they express
About each Lady Patroness;
Says Mrs. Flinn to Mrs. Sweet,
"I wash my hands of the *elite*,"
Says Mrs. Sweet to Mrs. Flinn,
"For all the world I'd not go in!"

Here envious feelings we detect,
Hogsmorton balls are so select!

Says Mrs. Squille, "There's Mrs. Pearl,
You'd think her father was an Earl!
So high and mighty! bless your heart,
I recollect her much less smart,
Before she married; and I knew
That people said ('tis *entre nous*)
She was a *legie* indiscreet!
So much, my dear, for the *elite*!
"Dear me! don't say she's incorrect,
Hogsmorton balls are so select."

Woe, woe to her who first began
A country ball on the Almack's plan!
Grim war is raging in the town,
The men are raving up and down;
And what may lead to worse mishaps,
The ladies all are pulling caps;
Indeed we hear, from one and all,
As much of *bullets* as the ball!

Why was Hogsmorton's comfort wreck'd?
Because her balls were so select.

[From the Cincinnati Journal.]

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS BOTTLE.

Touch thee! No. Viper of vengeance!
I'll break thy head against the wall.
Did you not promise?—ay—
To make me strong as Sampson—
And rich as Croesus—
(I'll wring thy villainous neck.)
And wise—wise as Solomon,
And happier than the happiest!

But instead of this—villain!
You've strip me of my locks—
Left my pocket empty as a cuckoo's nest
In March; fogged me out of my senses;
Made me ragged—made me wretched,
And then laid me in a ditch!

Touch thee! sure as there's vengeance
In this fist, I'll scratch the moon
With thy broken skull!

But—one embrace before thou die;
(*tasting*)

Feeling good
Ah! thou hast some virtues yet:
I always thought 'twas best
To give the devil his due:

Feeling better
And—(*tasting*) though devil thou art,
Thou hast a pleasant face—
A sparkling eye—a ruby lip—
A blushing cheek—and thy breath—
(*tasting*)

'Tis sweeter than the
Breath that ever parabol
Till the break of day,
A-a-mong the beds of roses.

Feeling best
My ho-honey (*tasting*) thou shalt not do.
I'll stand by thee, day and night,
And fight like *he* (*hic*) as *lee*.
I'll tea-a-ouch the parson (*hic*) a little wi-
dom.

Fill-grooch [*hic*] tem-per-ance too.
I'll live on mil- [*hic*] k and 'oney.
And—(*falling*) be the ha-hap-pi-est man a-
earth, [*hic*]

MY BREAKFAST.

Good Cook, all ceremony waive,
And, ere I'm famished, let me have,
What 'bove all other things, I crave,
My Breakfast.

Two down eggs, and some smoked fish,
Of butter'd toast a mod'rate dish,
And some good tea is all I wish
For Breakfast.

Since I'm so mod'rate then, make haste,
Else, honest cook, you'll be disgraced;
For really, I long to taste
My Breakfast.

Consider, cook, a day and night
Have passed, since I, half famish'd wight,
Have eat, (my source of my delight.)
My Breakfast.

'Tis ready, say you? joyful news,
Your pardon, then, my gentle nurse,
Spite of your charms I can't but choose
My Breakfast.

GENERAL INDEX

TO

ATKINSON'S CASKET, FOR 1834.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

A Vignette Title Page for the Volume.

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February.—Medallion of Napoleon and Maria Louisa—The Pantheon at Rome—City of Oporto, Portugal, &c.

March.—The Dead Soldier—Views of Pliniana, Italy—and the Birth-place of Shakespeare.

April.—Portrait of Lord Byron—Gallery of Algahy—Remains of the Temple of Concord, Rome, &c.

May.—Views of the Girard College—Pulpit Rocks—Viaduct across the Sankey Valley—Easter Custom, Bamboo, &c.

June.—The Fairy Isle, (engraved on Steel)—York Minster, (Eng.)—Rock of Gibraltar, &c.

July.—The Lute, (a Steel engraving)—Views of the Colosseum at Rome, Stirling Castle, &c.

August.—Portrait of Thomas Jefferson—Views of St. Sophia, Constantinople; the Rialto, Venice; Gate of Luxor, Thebes, &c.

September.—Third Street Hall, Philadelphia; Leaning Tower of Pisa—St. Paul's Church, New York, &c.

October.—Childhood, (a Steel Plate)—Views of Cumberland Terrace, London; Allentown, Pennsylvania, &c.

November.—Portrait of Ali Bey, the Traveller—Views of the St. Mark's Place, Venice, and the Thames, at London.

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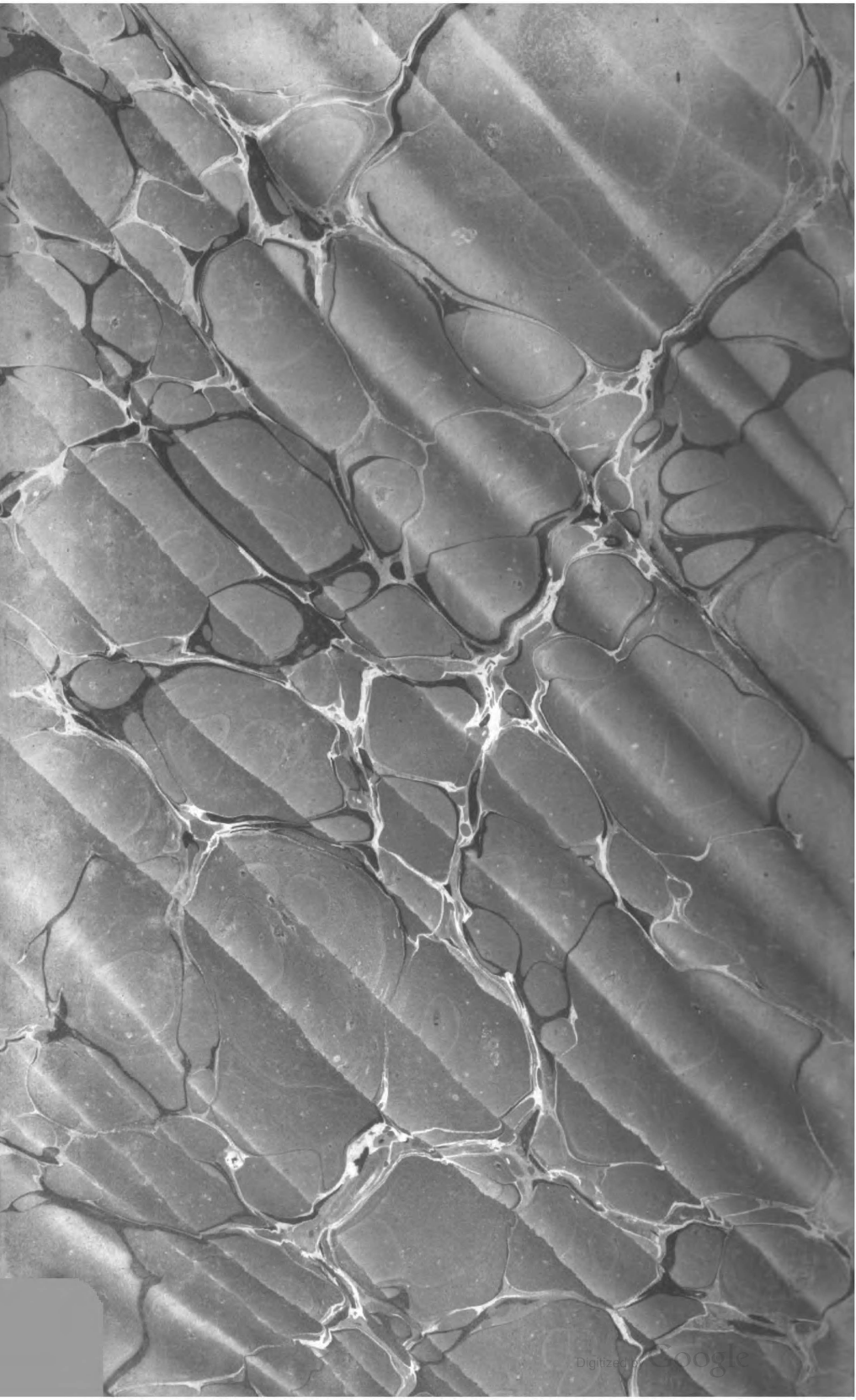
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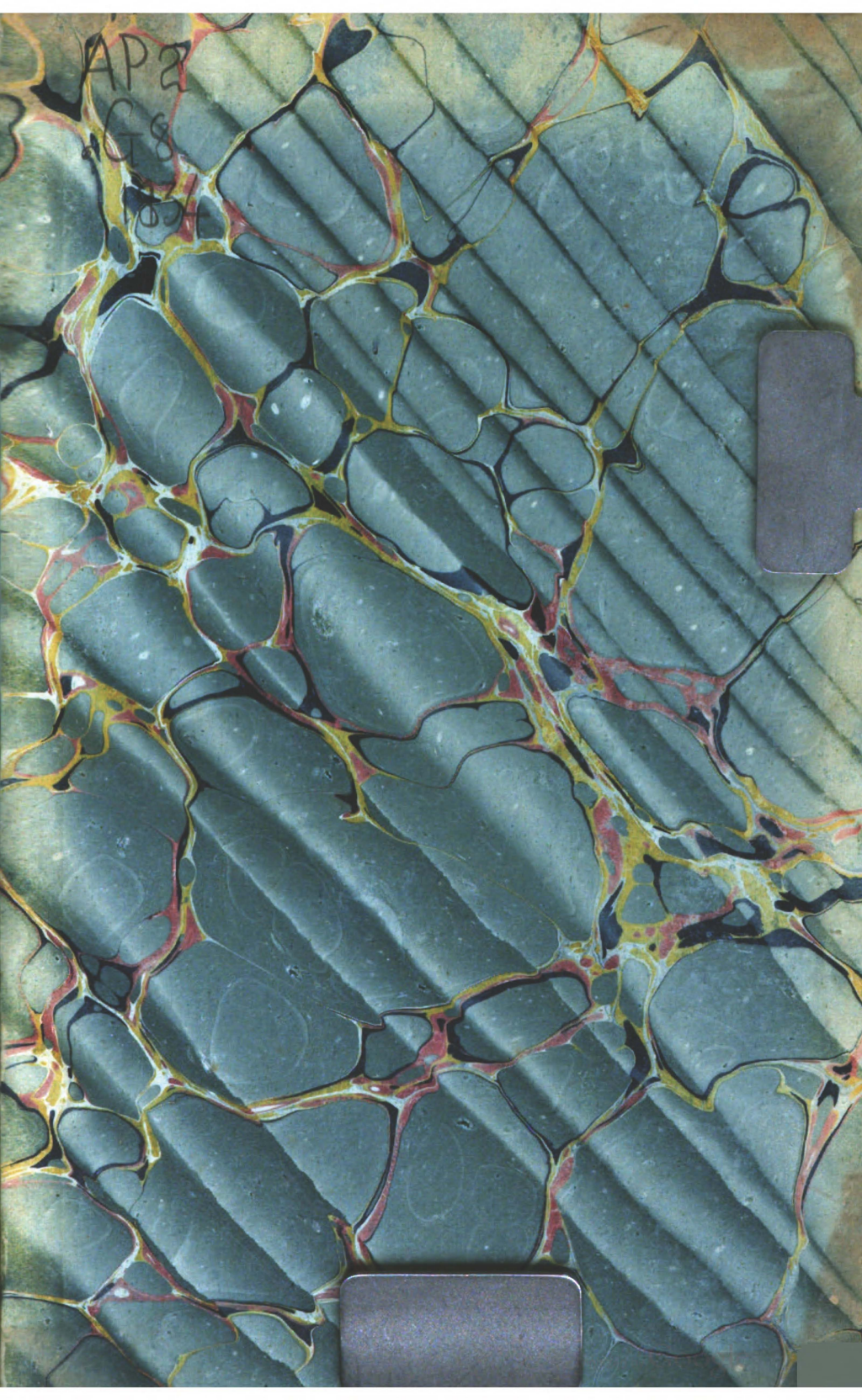
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bees and upon going out to see, she was attacked by them and before she could be rescued she was fatally injured, and died August 15, 1859, at a very advanced age. She was borne to rest at the side of her noble husband, and thus passed away one of whom it was testified by many that she was one of the "best old ladies that ever lived in her neighborhood."

The writer cordially agrees with that sentiment, when he remembers how kind, and even affectionate, she was toward him while he was a mere youth. "Keep on trying to do right, Billy,—there will be better times for you some day." These words he fondly treasures in his memory, and for fifty years has seen and felt how wise and useful such words are.

BENJAMIN ARBOGAST.

This paper is composed of fragmentary notices of one of the early settlers of the Glade Hill neighborhood. Benjamin Arbogast, Senior, the progenitor of a well known branch of the Arbogast relationship, settled early in the century near Glade Hill, on the lands now in possession of Cornelius Bussard, Clark Dilley, and others. In his home were five sons and three daughters: Henry, Solomon, John, Adam, Benjamin, Carlotta, Sally, and Delilah.

Carlotta became Mrs Jonathn aPotts, and lived in Upshur County.

Sally became the second wife of Ralph Wanless, near Mt Tabor.

Delilah was first married to Joseph Wooddell, near Green Bank. Her second marriage was with Freder-

ick Pugh, of same vicinity.

In reference to the sons, we have the following particulars, gathered from a variety of sources:

Henry Arbogast married Anna Warwick, on Deer Creek, and settled on a part of the homestead. Their sons Warwick and Newton died while young. Jamieson married Sarah Grimes, and settled on Elk.

Marshall Arbogast married Rachel Nottingham, and lives in Randolph County.

Sally Arbogast became the wife of George Arbogast and lives near Glade Hill.

Margaret was married to Martin Clark Dilley, and lives on part of the homestead.

Minta became Mrs Bud Stalnaker, and lives in Randolph County.

Henry Arbogast was a person of high natural endowments; was widely known in our county, and was greatly respected for many good qualities. He was a local preacher in the pale of the Methodist Episcopal church, and "cried aloud and spared not" when denouncing the fashionable foibles of his times. The writer once heard him preach a sermon from the text: "Pray without ceasing." The sermon was largely taken up in a description of the Magic Carpet, we read about in the Arabian Nights Entertainment, and then used it as an illustration, showing that the prayerful soul has in prayer something far more to the purpose than the magic carpet ever was or could be. He was an enthusiast in his religious views. To him Methodism was the chief of all the prevailing "isms,"—the one "ism" that was "altogether lovely,"—and he

made no secret of it.

During the war between the States he was a sincere, decided, but harmless sympathizer with the Union cause. When last seen alive he and his neighbor Eli Buzzard were in charge of a squad of persons claiming to be Confederate Scouts. A few days afterwards these two civilians were found dead near the roadside, about half way from their homes towards Frost. From the attitude in which his body was found it is inferred that he died in the act of prayer, heeding the text referred to above.

Solomon Arbogast married Nancy Nottingham, and lived on part of the homestead. In reference to his family the following particulars are noted:

Allen first married a Miss Curry; his second marriage was with a Miss Gillespie.

George married Sallie Arbogast.

Charles was a Union soldier and died in the war.

Lizzie married Gilmer Sharp and lives near Frost.

Mary married William Cooper, near Green Bank.

Rachel became Mrs Samuel Sutton and lives beyond Green Bank.

Caroline first married the late James Ruckman; her second marriage was to Michael Scales, and lived near Mill Point.

John Arbogast, son of Benjamin, Sr., married Margaret Yeager and lived near Glade Hill. He was killed by a falling tree, leaving a widow and three sons.

Adam Arbogast married Clarissa Sutton, and lived near Green Bank. They were the parents of five sons and three daughters: John, Brown, Christopher, Ben-

jamin, Reed, Dorinda, now Mrs David Shears; Eliza, who became Mrs James Sutton; and Emma, now Mrs J. Trace, all three near Green Bank.

When a little girl, Mrs Clarissa Arbogast had her arm crushed in a cider mill. She was given up to die by the physician sent for from an adjoining county. The late Captain John McElwee, ancestor of the McElwee relationship in our county, had the nerve to take his joint saw and razor and amputate the arm above the mortified part. The patient recovered and lived to rear the five sons and three daughters just named. What Mrs Arbogast could not do with her good left arm in housekeeping was not worth doing. She died quite recently.

Benjamin Arbogast, of Benjamin, Senior, married Miss Gibbons, a sister of the gallant Colonel S. B. Gibbons, Tenth Virginia Infantry, who died May 6th, 1862, on the McDowell battle field,—shot through the head the moment he reached the line of fire, leading his men into action.

Benjamin Arbogast, Junior, was one of the most remarkable persons that ever lived in our county. Upon attaining his majority he was appointed constable, and he magnified his office and worked it for all it was worth. He frequented the courts, and seemed to have been infatuated with the lawyers of loose habits and alcoholic propensities, and proficient in the history of the four kings. He aspired to the distinction of beating them at their own game, for they seemed to be what a gentleman should be. He soon acquired his coveted distinction of being the fastest young man in

the county.

When about twenty-five years of age he came under the influence of Charles See, who taught in the family of Colonel Paul McNeel, and there was kindled in our young friend's mind an irresistible desire for a college education. He learned the rudiments of Latin and algebra from Mr See, went a session or two at Academy and then away to Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania, and was graduated among the best in his class. In the meantime he had professed piety, entered the ministry, and became a noted pulpit orator, and one of the most distinguished teachers of the high schools under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church, South. He died a few years since at Winchester; leaving a reputation long to be remembered by his denomination. Recently one of his surviving children, an accomplished daughter visited Marlinton.

The writer tenderly cherishes the memory of this remarkable Pocahontas man, for he often manifested special friendship for me, and we have had many good talks together. We last met in Winchester, in October, 1874. He introduced me to Norval Wilson, father of Bishop Wilson.

JOHN McNEEL

John McNeel, the ancestor of the McNeel relationship in our county, appears to have been the first to occupy the Little Levels by permanent settlement. He was a native of Frederick County, Virginia, but passed much of his early life in or near Cumberland, Mary-

Greenbrier Independent.

THURSDAY, JULY 27TH, 1893.

LOCAL MATTERS.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.—Trains arrive at Ronceverte as follows, Washington time: Eastbound—No. 4, at 5.47, a. m.; No. 14, at 4.03 p. m.; No. 2, at 8.27 p. m.; and No. 6, at 10.30 a. m. Westbound—No. 3, at 8.45 a. m.; No. 13, at 11.32 a. m.; No. 1, at 10.35 p. m.; and No. 5, at 5.03 p. m. Nos. 5 and 6 do not run on Sunday.

ALL the teachers are invited to call on J. E. Bell for

THE Monroe Washington 2-year-old colt owned by Kelly, near Sweet Springs, went mad recently and was dangerous to every one near it, both man and horse. After showing symptoms of the symptoms of rabies after lingering in this condition for three days died.

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On Monday night of Blue Sulphur was lodged in jail after shooting James

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tect and the County Court. The bid of
Murray Bros., Wheeling, was \$32,000.

Fatal Accident to Benj. Herold, Esq.

From the Parkersburg *Sentinel* of the
20th inst. we clip the following:

Last evening on the arrival here of No.
4 on the B. & O. among the passengers
that alighted from the train was an old
man, gray headed and feeble, and poorly
clad. Several parties noticed him, as he
acted rather strangely. Just before the
train started he walked upon the front
platform of the sleeper, crossed over
and got off on the opposite side. He
was told to get aboard, as the train was
about to start, but paid no heed and
walked up along the train, and as it
pulled out past him he made no effort
to get on.

When it had pulled out he asked some
one whether that was his train, and
they told him it was. Without making
any further inquiries he started out
through the B. & O. yards on a slow
walk. He was seen and spoken to by
several parties in the yards, but gave
unintelligible answers. Conductor
Bailey was one of these persons, and
warned him to be careful and get off the
tracks. He continued on out through

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(Va.) It was found upon examination that the man was terribly injured. The left arm was broken in two places, several ribs were broken, his nose was cleft in twain and there was an ugly cut on the forehead. No money was found on his person. Among the

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GRAFTON, W. VA., Aug. 1st, '92.

WHEREAS, Benjamin Herold has this day given me a note for \$15,000.00, payable upon the performance of certain services, I hereby agree to give the said Herold from one to two years to make the said payment.

JOHN T. MCGRAW,
by John L. Heckmer.

Witness—B. M. Yeager.

Some other papers were found on him from which it was seen that the injured man was a resident of Huntersville, Pocahontas county, and that he owned considerable land in that section.

Only once did he regain consciousness, but only for a moment. He said his name was Benjamin Herold, but before he could tell where he lived he

FROM W. to H. H. F. an undivided poles of land From C. for 94 acres district.

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The injured man was fully identified as Benj. Herold, of Pocahontas county, by Mr. B. M. Hamilton. It is supposed that he was on his way to Grafton at the time of the accident.

A letter was afterwards received from John T. McGraw, in which the \$15,000 contract is explained and the residence of Herold's relatives are given. Mr. McGraw says that Herold owned large tracts of wild lands in Pocahontas county, which were forfeited to the State for non-payment of taxes, and that he was employed by Herold to begin proceedings to recover the property, and if successful the amount named in the note was agreed upon for his services.

WANTED by responsible parties in Ronceverte a loan of \$1,000 or \$500, for six or twelve months, at 8 per cent. interest a year satisfactorily secured by

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ALL the teachers are invited to call on J. E. Bell for dry goods, etc.

THE levy for county purposes

THE Monroe Watchman reports that a 2-year-old colt owned by Kelly, near Sweet Springs, went mad recently, and was dangerous to every thing it, both man and beast. After showing symptoms of this kind after lingering in great distress for three days died.

An Ugly Affair

On Monday night last a man from the town of Blue Sulphur district was lodged in jail here for shooting James Windham. The shooting occurred on Sunday, and the following are the charges

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INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THE BEVERAGE FAMILY

W. T. Price Records the History of another of the Pioneer Families of Pocahontas County.

There is a relationship in our county, while not pioneers in the usual sense of the word, yet performed a very important part in material improvement of our mountain lands. Before the Beverage's came to our county and for years since there was a type of mountain land not much valued and was held comparatively cheap. It was a common remark about such land that like self righteousness the more a person had of such land the worse it would be with him. The Beverages utilized such land and prospered.

The Beverage's trace their ancestry to David Beverage, of Highland County, a native of Scotland, who came to Crabbottom previous to the war of 1812, it is believed. His wife was Catherine Shineberry. Their children were Jacob, Peter and William. The ancestral David Beverage died, leaving a widow and three small children. Mrs. Beverage with industry and good management succeeded in rearing her sons to industrious, economical and self reliant manhood.

About the year of 1840, Jacob Beverage came to Pocahontas, bought land and settled in the woods near Clover Lick and opened up a homestead now occupied by John Beverage. Jacob Beverage's wife was Susan Snyder, daughter of Adam Snyder, of Crabbottom. Their children were Lewis, Levi, William, Joseph, Woods, Jacob, Hannah, Margaret, Naomi, Jennie, six sons and three daughters.

Levi Beverage's first marriage was with Clarissa Waugh, daughter of the late John Waugh, Indian Draft. His second marriage was with Jane Hudson, daughter of the late Eligah Hudson, of Louise, and settled in part of the homestead and is a minister of the German Baptist church; William Beverage was never married; John Beverage married Mary, daughter of Squire J. B. Hannah, of Elk and lives at the old homestead. Harper Beverage is their only child; Joseph Beverage married Elizabeth, daughter of John Beverage, of Highland, and settled there. He is a German Baptist Minister; Woods, he died in youth; Jacob Beverage married Rachel Ann, daughter of the late William and Nancy McLaughlin, near Dunmore and lives on Elk; Hannah Beverage became the third wife of the late Wm. D. Moore on Elk. She lives near Poage's Lane with her daughter, Mrs. Page Gay; Margaret Beverage became Mrs. Townsend and lives on Back Allaghany. Her daughter Margaret is now Mrs. Uriah Beverage; Naomi, Jennie and Lewis all died young, and within a period of three weeks of each other, ailing with diptheria. Their sister, Mrs. Margaret Townsend came to help nurse them, she was seized with the disease herself and never returned home, dying soon after the others.

In 1845 William Beverage moved to Pocahontas from Highland, and settled in the woods, head waters of Stony Creek, on the place now occupied by Jacob Beverage. His wife Delena Peak, of Highland. In reference to their sons and daughters we have the following particulars:

Catherine became a Mrs. Arbogast of Highland County; Caroline is Mrs. Pleasant Smith, near Edray; Mary became Mrs. Benjamin R. Doyle and lives on Spruce Flat; Lovie is Mrs. George Miller on Spruce Flat; Susan became Mrs. George Rodgers and lives near Buckeye; Uriah Beverage married Jennie Townsend and lives on the head of Stony Creek; Jacob Beverage married Nancy Kellison and lives on the homestead settled by his father.

In 1850, Peter Beverage, the third of the Beverage brothers came to our county and settled virtually in the woods on the Dry Branch of Swago, at the place now occupied by John Beverage. Peter married Margaret Snyder, sister of Mrs. Jacob Beverage, who is so widely and favorably known throughout the Clover Lick section as Aunt Susan Beverage, and is now passing her nineties serenely and peacefully. In reference to Peter Beverage's family we are able to give the following items with the assistance of his daughter, Mrs. Aaron Moore:

Harriett died in youth; Susan Catherine became Mrs. Aaron Moore and lives a mile from Marlinton; Andrew Beverage was a Confederate soldier, died in service and was buried with a soldier's honors at Staunton; Peter Beverage's second marriage was with Susan, daughter of George White of Highland County.

In reference to the second family we are informed that Washington Beverage married Lydia, daughter of John E. Adkison, near Buckeye, and settled on the head of Dry Branch, where he now resides; Margaret Beverage became Mrs. Nathan Barlow near Edray, where she recently died; Julia Ann Beverage became Mrs. Jacob Simmons, and lived on Spruce Flats. To write all that might be told of her would require a book. Her sad story has been read throughout the world and will not be forgotten for all time to come for the moral it illustrates and emphasizes; Eliza Jane Beverage became Mrs. Nathaniel Arthur, and lives in Webster County; Frances Beverage became Mrs. Andree Wooddell, and was living near Edray when her husband was killed two or three years ago while logging on the hills near the Duffield mill on Stony Creek; Hannah Beverage became Mrs. James McNeill, a son of the venerable Jonathan McNeill, near Buckeye, and now lives at the head of Swago; John Beverage married Lucy, daughter of the late Jeremiah Sharp, and lives on the Dry Branch homestead; Amanda Beverage became Mrs. David Sharp and lives near Marlinton; Mrs. Beverage, the venerable widowed progenitor of the Beverage relationship, died at the Peter Beverage homestead about twenty five years since, aged eighty-three years.

W.T.P.

Nathaniel Barnett Arthur and Eliza Jane Beverage were united in matrimony, January 18, 1871, in Kentucky

Nathaniel Barnett Arthur died September 4, 1937 on Saturday morning at 7:00, at the age of 93 years. He was born June 30, 1844.

Eliza Jane Arthur died July 15, 1929, on Monday morning at 7:55, at the age of 75 years. She was born March 13, 1854.